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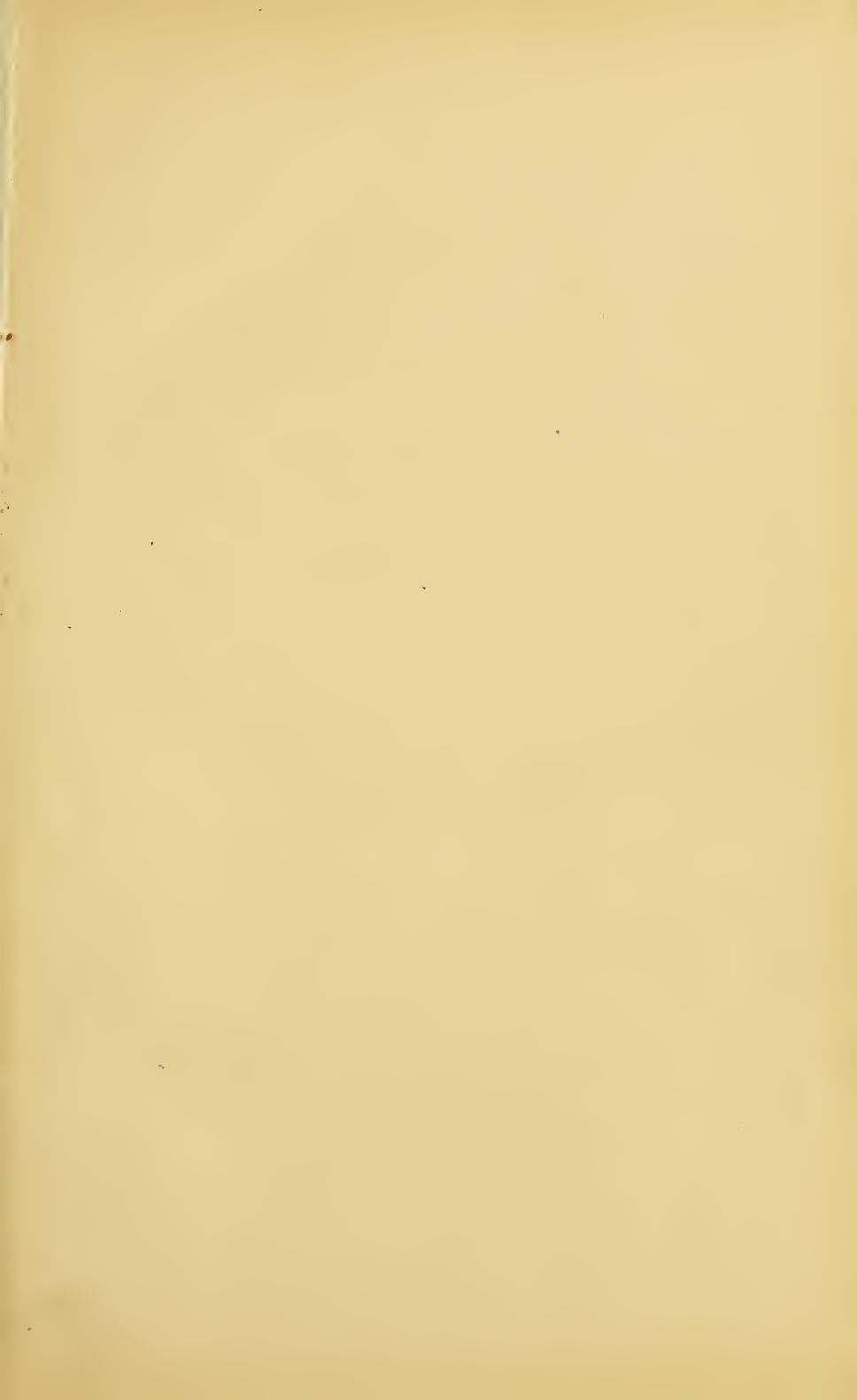
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











CREST
ON THE
WAVE.

* POEMS *

BY



MRS. SIBYL D. WOLCOTT.



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BY
MRS. SIBYL D. WOLCOTT.

DEDICATORY.



TO
MY MANY TOO PARTIAL FRIENDS I DEDICATE
THIS LITTLE MISSIVE, HOPING IT MAY
AFFORD THEM SOME PLEASURE,
OR AT LEAST AMUSEMENT,
WITHOUT THE SHADOW
OF ALLOY.

Lexington, Ky., Dec. 1889.

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CREST ON THE WAVE.



RURAL PEN PICTURES.



'Tis Spring-time here among the hills,
Where fern leaves spread their feathery palms,
And silvery droppings from the springs,
And early birds pour forth their charms.

The frogs are singing in the ponds,
The snipe has piped his herald note,
The partridge beats his muffled drum,
The bluebird tunes his mellow throat.

The dogwood blossoms, fair to see,
Are peeping through the forest green,
And redbud, dear to childhood's eyes,
Are blooming by the streams I ween.

The sassafras, with velvet bud,
Has spread her fragrant sinuate leaves,
And rural scents, as rural sounds
In harmony with all that breathe.

Those boisterous winds that swept the way
For the fair coming of spring,
Breathe soft and balmy here to-day,
And tiny insects on the wing.

Our footfalls press the yielding sod,
Where blooms the bright cerulean flower
Amid the mosses scarlet hoods,
And wander back to childhood's hour.

The hare, e'en now in quiet bides,
Yet turns her listening ear, and stops,
Unchased by hound, securely hides
Her white, and brown, within the copse.

High in the air, the cawing crow,
O'er new-plowed fields of hidden wealth,
Lazily moving to and fro,
Askant his eye, portending stealth.

In yonder field the playful lambs,
Half human in their bleating cry,
Impatient of their feeding dams,
Or round in quiet groups they lie.

The gentle cow from barn-yard strayed
Stands by the stream, in shade of trees,
Still ruminates her morning meal,
And lying down, breathes deep of ease.

Her tender young, with calm round eye,
With polished knee, and dew-sprent nose,
Whose very breath, as new milk smells;
Replete with innocent repose.

The magic mist o'ertops the hills,
Adown their slopes the varied green,
And with the sudden summer shower,
The stream goes tumbling down between.

By shaded pool, with line and hook
The schoolboy sits ; and to *his* eyes,
Drawing the minnow from the brook,
It seems a fish of *largest* size.

In paths that wind among the woods,
Oft sweet fresh odors charm the sense,
Of eglantine, or hawthorne bloom,
Perchance, a flower of small pretense.

Our path this morn led by the marsh
Where sage and mint their roots submerge
Violets, iris and dandelion,
We sighted on the meadow's verge.

'Neath yonder beech, in mellow loam,
Where autumn nut, and foliage strewed,
The monotropa rears her head :
The enchanted fairy of the wood.

Broad palmate leaves that spring clans,
Where last year's leaves are forming mold,
In village groups, the mandrake stands :
Her petals snowy, and her stamens gold.

On hill, and here and there, in glen,
The shrub, the whortleberry bears ;
And nodding pendent from its stem,
The slipper, that the wood-nymph wears.

The queen, perchance, of woodland bower,
That spring leads forth in floral pride ;
The cardinalis's scarlet flower,
That blossoms at the water's side.

In woods apart, the mourning dove
Breathes forth her tender plaintive moan,
As lonely stranger pines at heart
For the sweet sympathies of home.

The whippoorwill, that all day long,
Had sadly brooded o'er her care,
At twilight's hour, in limpid song,
Pours out her thrilling pathos there.

Yet still impulsive in her song,
As if all sympathy would meet—
Yearning in her impassioned want,
She pours her song out at our feet.

(O, wondrous bird! your notes repeat,
And make more fair the moonlight hour;
All youthful memories, loves and hopes,
Are brought within your magic power.)

The catbird carols sweet discourse:
All richness, gladness, joyousness;
So perfect is her song to verse,
You almost may her words rehearse.

As not with us, when pains intrude,
Where pleasure's hold, we've grasped too strong.
The catbird's crying interlude
Is but the "selah" of her song.

Now, since this pleasant vernal shower,
A warm fresh odor from the earth:
The green grass greener, and the flowers
Seem smiling as in very mirth.

The drops suffused with golden light,
Still clinging to the grass and leaves
Are trembling with a brief delight ;
Then fall, and hide, at every breeze.

The robin's clear and brilliant song
That scarce did wait the falling shower,
And redbird's chanting interlude,
Enhance the beauty of the hour.

Arched o'er the gateway of the East,
A radiant rainbow spans ;
So glorious in its form of strength !
A wondrous seal of promise stands :

How *near* we feel to God above ;
How glad our heart ; our cheek aglow.
So moved by his *All-Father* love,]
As we with God, look on his bow.

Cloud, song and herd, and leaf and flower,
In the great anthem, hold their part ;
Through day and night is felt their power—
Their voice, God's witness in the heart.

Spring's charms are these that we behold—
Charms both to eye and pleased ear.
Where were ye all in winter's cold,
Silent, and waiting to be here ?

O Spring ! O Life ! from what seemed death.
O Joy ! from all that seemed so drear,
Thy *resurrection* gives this garnered wealth—
And makes Spring *heaven* of the year.

ASK NOT !

Oh ! ask not Ocean of the stream,
That pours its soul in thine,
What loves it bore upon its heart,
Ere its full tide sought thine.

What, though the gems of starry night
Beamed down in love upon
Its heart, as pure as the heavenly light,
And left its *light* thereon.

What, though the tender moon
Were mirrored in radiance there,
Should the clear soft light in its radiant depths
Be less *pure* for thee to share ?

What, if the flower upon its brink
Has given a roseate hue,
And cast its diamonds there to sink,
Is there *beauty* less for you ?

Or, what, if the cypress shade
Has fallen in sadness there ;
Is its softened light through the winding vale
Less *tender* for thee to share ?

Oh ! then, if the faithful tide
Has reflected each treasure so true,
When she yields her pure soul as thy bride,
Shall she prove less *true* unto you ?

Then Ocean, thy bosom swell
As she mingles her tide in thy brine ;
With the wonder ! that waters *so pure*,
That the stream can *so wholly be thine !*



WRITTEN IN A FRIEND'S ALBUM.

At the time he was having his family's portraits taken.



How fondly do we cling to those around us !
To them who are dear to us by the ties of friendship ;
To those who are still dearer to us by the bonds of love :
Those who are “bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh.”
The heart trembles, lest they be torn from us.
We seek to keep them ; we trace their features ;
We add a glow to the cheek, and ruby to the lips.
Time bears them on ; we strive to retain the spirit ;
We covet the soul's breathings, transferred to the page—
It's thoughts, it's feelings, its deep hidden mysteries.

We catch but here and there an impulse,
A throb, or two, of life. Alas ! how vain !
To *words* 'twere never given—
The soul's alone *daguerreotyped* in heaven.

KATYDID.

The Katydids and Katydidn'ts
 Are holding forth their old harangue ;
 And never, since the world began,
 Were insects formed so much like man—
 Won't own they're wrong
 And say, "*I did it.*"

Alas! alas! poor Katydid!
 No doubt she's in the wrong.
 But never once within her song
 Has hinted that her *spouse* was wrong.
 Ah, no! 'twas left for him to say,
 'Twas "*she that did it.*"

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Who made herself captive in her room for several days, fearing some possible contagion might have adhered to her clothing.

What is this, now strikes my ear,
 Warbling in those strains so sweet?
 Softly wild—so sweetly clear.
 Oh, it comes from the "Retreat,"

Where the fair one's spirit stays ;
 No—where her spirit takes the wing.
 Then she pours her gentle lays,
 When her thoughts in spirit sing.

How *can* she sing in her "Retreat,"
Shut out from joys that others share?
'Tis because she thinks it meet;
'Tis *innocence* that keeps her there.

How different, indeed, would be
If, shut from life and common air,
'Twas guilt! these penalties decree
Her song, alas! would be despair.

Sing on, then, thy cheerful song;
Glad thy heart with music's voice.
Pour thy mellow notes along;
Duty makes it pleasant *choice*.

Nor think alone it blesses thee,
To pour thy heart in gentle song;
It's soothing spirit rests on me,
Beguiling hours that erst were long.



TO THE MEMORY OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

Descendant of a noble race!
What hand may not thy lineage trace?
Each footstep marks a noble deed,
And, justly, *honor* is thy meed.
No shrinking fear of boistrous wave
Deterred, when there was ought to save.
No Alpine storm, nor tempest wild,
Nor threatening avalanche high-piled,

But thy great heart could firmly brave
The lost and perishing to save.
On mercy's errand ever bent,
Mildness and might in thee were blent.
As well thou guard'st the babe from harm
As rescue from the 'whelming storm.
But *thou*, whose memory I trace,
Wert but an *infant* of thy race,
And ne'er hadst plunged beneath the wave
To rescue darlings from the grave ;
Nor, midnight, ranged the mountain cliff,
Nor, burrowed deep in wild snow drift ;
Nor, faithful, watched the livelong day
To guard the gentle child at play ;
For scarce one moon thy little life ;
Yet still thine eye, with being rife,
Oft told within those kindling fires
Would'st honor well thy noble sires !
Then on *thee* be these *honors* thrown.
For they are *justly all thy own*.
And now we gently pat thy head,
And sorrow much that thou art dead.
We praise thy form and ebon hair,
And wonder if thy *virtues* share
The same relentless hand of fate,
That bids thee never, *never* wake.
And now we lay thee 'neath the turf ;
But who can tell the *half* thy worth ?

DESCRIPTION OF MY COTTAGE AT ESCULAPIA SPRINGS

Dedicated to Miss Martha Jones, Jamesport, Mo., 1844.

Not of rude logs, unhewn, this massive pile,
But *hewn*, and smooth, is its more comely style.
Stately and firm, upon its base of stone,
Resembling Greece, or architect of Rome—
Full sixteen feet the length, the breadth ten feet to four,
With two small windows and an outside door.
Plastered without, with tow chinked tight within
To keep the winter's snows from driving in.
And thus you see, by my description trite,
I'm snugly corked, as in a bottle tight;
But, lest you think I die for want of air,
Around my door is space, full one inch square.
And, though above, the naked beams protrude,
The boards lay close, and all pronounced as good.
Snug in one corner stands my stately bed,
Resting in grandeur on its French postead;
Rising in downy pomp far higher
Than I, at hour of bed, would e'er aspire.
But, lest you think from lounging I'm prevented,
I have a low one near my fire presented,
Where oft, in rainy days, sickness or weary,
I lie me down to pass the hours so dreary.
Alas! those days of stormy weather!
When all my troubles come together,
As if, alone, my sympathies to try.

Down puffs the smoke, the tear starts to my eye;
But this, like many other griefs we share,
All shortly dissipate in air.
And now for all that constitutes my casket—
Chairs, tables, boxes, trunk and basket—
Each occupies its place, so duly ranged;
Nor further space, admitting choice or change,
These could you see, you'd dub me with the clan
Who ne'er, perchance, identify with man.
And one thing more, which I must shortly mention,
Deserving much and, better, my attention,
Is the piano, filling quite the space
Between my bed and wall, opposite the fire-place.
To all these add another comfort more—
I have a nice rag carpet on my floor;
And one more touch, to make the scene more bright,
My house is washed without, and in, with white.
To give you but a sketch was my intention,
But it has lengthened out to this dimension;
Whether this course, propriety attends,
I have my doubts—so must my friends;
But not to add more, too much, I've done.
Be my apology, that thus my pen did run.

IN AN ALBUM.

A very worthy stranger lady sent her Album for a memento from my pen. Upon turning its pages saw them filled with the warmest expressions of friendship. Believing an Album to be a Repository of Friendship, did not see how an entire stranger might appear in its sacred garb.

At first my heart felt dark and void,
 Nor knew why memory's cold monument
 Should gleamless stand within thy fertile bowers.
 But as I *thought*, thy WORTH in light
 Broke in upon me ;
 Up sprung a flower *perennial*,
 And FRIENDSHIP was its name.

UPON HEARING THE DRUM

Beat wearily late at night, collecting volunteers for Texas, '46.

I can not rally this sad heart
 To meet contending foes ;
 It clings too fondly thus to part
 With *peace* for conflict's woes.

It yearns to stay those generous souls
 Who, for their country's strife,
 Repress love's tide, by stern control,
 And yield, if need, their life.

And yet, if 'tis our country's voice
 That sounds the dire alarm,
 They are the *ones*, those hearts of choice,
 To meet her foes in arms.

Then let me check these yearning fears,
Nor damp one ardent breast;
Our country's cause demands our cheers:
Go, seek our country's rest!

Yes, nobly quell those tender thrills,
Tumultuous in your heart.
The *father, brother, lover* still,
But act your country's part.

Nor heed ye not inglorious ease;
Gird on your armor strong.
With *Liberty* we must have *Peace*:
Avenge your country's wrong!

But needless this, Kentucky sons,
To urge to sword and shield;
You're *lovers*, all, when at your homes,
But *warriors* in the field.

Then haste to meet the Spanish foe,
Our heart and country's need;
And let them learn in Mexico
Kentucky's valorous deeds.

UPON PRESENTING A THREAD-CASE TO A BACHELOR.

Accept the gift that I bestow,
As 'twas by kindness prompted ;
A very useful thing, you know,
And one so long you've wanted.

And when you draw the thread thereout
(Pray pardon my descanting),
Ask what's the thread of life without
Each other's kindness sharing.

Then deem it all a friendly act
That meets no other measure ;
And *use* it, as 'twas made for that,
And not to hoard as treasure.



ACROSTIC.

Written in Mrs. E. Clark's Album.

Endeared to me by every feature's trace,
Long may thy form retain its noble grace ;
Illumined thus, how else couldst thou appear ?
Zeal for the right—for every wrong a tear ;
A heart, the seat of virtues smiling train,
Center of love, and friendship's balmy reign.
Let me but share that heart, in bliss to dwell
Amidst its beauties, brightening in its spell,
Reflecting on my soul, it's radiance there
Kindling in me those virtues I would share.

SWEET SYMPATHY.

(An Allegory)

A lakelet ruffled, by the wind,
Sighed at her own heart's disquiet ; and the more
As each wavelet on her bosom bore a shadow that
Day nor night had lighted ; and thus her plaint
In gentle murmurs rose : " True, lordly oak, as friendly
Sentinel, and shadowing vine, and fortified rock,
Stand round my borders ; and o'er my brink the
Flowret peeps, and the green grass dips her pendent blades
In the clear waters—and deeply graven in my heart
I wear their image. Yet these, though sweet, still
Leave my heart benighted." At length a star, that
Long had beamed in calmest light, rose o'er the
Shadowing forest, and cast a glance upon the lake to
Know why wailings sad should rise from waters pure ?
But as he spoke each wavelet caught a ray unto its heart,
And nestled back to rest ; and ere the plaint had ended
A calm had o'er its bosom stole. *The star had lighted
it and blest.*

The star, still musing, said, " To lighten sorrow
From another's heart is but to *know* it."

TO A FRIEND.

Who had been suffering through the night.

How art thou since the weary night
That brought the pain instead of rest?
While others wrapped in deep repose;
Writhing *alone* thou wert unblest.

Dost morning's ray bring quiet now,
And soothing sleep spread calm o'er thee?
Dost friendly hand now cool thy brow,
Praying thy deeper slumbers be?

Then dream ye on, let visions bright
Steal o'er thy pillowed head once more,
Thrilling thy soul with sweet delight,
As erst was thine in days of yore.

When youth and hope, with magic powers,
Beamed on thy heart like summer hours,
Then take their influence on thy soul,
And thou shalt wake and find thee whole.

DREAD SILENCE

Dread silence presses on the heart
Of pulseless time. The striving ear
Seeks aught to wake some hallowed
Sound. No kindred voice, nor soft approach
Of welcome friend, nor gentle tap
Of well-known hand. And e'en the
Faithful clock, that with its mellow
Cadence kept the ear in tune, has ceased.
All, *all* is silence! No sound upon the
Sense, which is as dead!
The eye a double office takes,
Searching for that it can not hear;
And memory links her power,
Which oft, in kindlier mood, brings friends,
And smiles, and tones, and tender words;
But now brings naught but ABSENCE!
A presence palpable and cold;
Eye, ear and thought, a triple test,
Of solitude most drear.

TO MARTHA.

"And sayst thou, not for me one line?"
 Why, Martha! all I have is thine;
 And now, dear one, canst ask for more,
 When thou hast all this heart's full store?
 To thee, and only *such* as thee,
 I give this heart's unbounded sea.
 Nor does it hold its friends "*en masse*,"
 Nor thinks of one, no more, no less;
 Quick to discern the alloy, and gold,
 And only does the pure enfold.
 But, ah! the pure, and only true—
Alas! how few, how very few!

 TO MY BOUQUET.

Sent by some young ladies who, in bright smiles, suddenly passed my door,
 but could tarry only a moment.

Sweet emblems of their youth and love!
 Ye came to lengthen out the sudden bliss
 That thrilled my joyous heart—
 So blent their presence with my ardent thought;
 I scarce had felt that I was left alone
 When in ye came—so like an echo
 Of some gladsome strain;
 Or like sweet evening's parting ray,
 Reflecting sunlight on my soul.

MY LAMENT.

What reckless heart, so envious of my joy,
That thus with ruthless hand my precious charge destroy?
Ah! was it not enough this solitude
Should be deprived of one so kind, so good,
Without uprooting e'en this little spire
Which, hour by hour, could tender thought inspire?
What ardent care I should have reared each spear,
And careful lop'd each withered one, and sere,
'Till rip'ning 'neath my care to golden grain,
Well suited, then, no longer to remain;
But, with a gladsome heart, the whole transfer
T'adorn, rejoicing, my own paterre.
Alas! fond fancy, where's thy vase of flowers
Which this should ornament in wintry hours,
And lead sad thoughts from shadows melancholy
To rove in dreams of blissful reverie?
I look in vain upon my mantelpiece,
And thought, regretful thought, shall never cease;
For torn and withered lies this tuft of grass.
Say, Robert, must my hopes thus pass?

Echo, thus pass.

ESCULAPIA.

RESPONSE TO MISS L. R.

Didst thou dream of me, love,
That my heart was pure and bright?
'Twas thine own pure thought, love,
Shed around me its hallowed light.

Didst thou dream of my virtues, love,
So beautiful to thine eye
That even the spirit-dove
Stooped down from the azure sky?

And amid the jewelled throng
Of grace and beauty rare,
Sought out my humble shrine
As one, yet still more fair?

'Twas thine own pure heart, love,
That knoweth not envy's unrest;
And brighter and purer shall grow, love,
'Till it gains the bright land of the blest.

DEDICATED TO MRS. M. S. TENNEY.

A halo of light is around thee, Mary,
Though they say thou art fading.
This may be true, Mary,
But to *me* it seemeth
That thy soul beameth
Through its lightsome veiling.

If it be true thou art fading, Mary,
Thou art onward, the bright sun nearing.
This we know is true, Mary.
It is thy eagle flight
To our feeble sight
As stars, in their distance, are fading,

But thou never canst leave us, Mary ;
Too pure is thy light here revealing.
In our hearts it is mirrored, Mary,
Though grief may enshroud ;
Thy light on the cloud
Shall beam on our hearts for grief's healing.

TO A WITHERED BOUQUET.

How shall we epitaph this Bouquet?
It seems most too precious to throw it away.
By fair hands 'twas gathered;
With a white ribbon tethered,
And breathed on with Love's breath—
What a burden of wealth!
And sent you when sick—
What a true lover's trick!
But its beauty has faded;
Gone the perfume that laded.
All its comeliness reft—
Naught but *prickles* are left.

In silent admiration long have I beheld thee,
And enshrined thy virtues in my heart—
As a pure lake, the star. Yet would I not
Breathe my love, though well thou knows't it;
For from thy pensive lips,
Like weeping pearls, let'st fall such words,
Of chastened tenderness, that bade me
Hope not! Thus my light went out.
As fades the tint from evening clouds.
But ever on the altar of this heart
Thine image pure I offer unto heaven.

VALENTINE.

TO MARY R.

DEAR MARY :

Since you did not send your love
To me below, nor me above,
I write this line to let you know
That I remain "*in statu quo*,"
Though can not tell how soon shall go.
Much in my room, oft in my bed,
And still complaining of my head.
Now why it is I'm thus afflicted
Is sure a cause that's often sifted.
That cause is *one*, and can't be beaten,
That surely "*something you have eaten*."
Alas! that nature does require
Such gross materials for her fire.
Why could I not have lived on vapor,
And lengthened out this little taper,
With liberty *unblamed* to breathe
The common air to all bequeathed?
But, not to o'er my lot complain,
My pen shall take another strain,
And tell you of the change of things
That Time has brought upon his wings.
Since when you left, in winter drear,
All nature's changed from grave to cheer;
The trees arrayed, the meadows green
With brilliant golden spots that gleam,
Reminding us of days that were,

When youth and health, as light as air,
Traipsed o'er the fields as fairy scenes,
And life itself seemed pleasant dreams ;
But from the fields we'll turn away
And peep into our garden gay,
Where daffodils, in golden dress,
First op'ed the spring with sweet address ;
The snowdrop, then, in pearly white,
Turned up its little eye of light ;
The hyacinthe's sweet latent wealth
Is borne on her delicious breath ;
The gentle bluebell's modest mien
Ne'er dreams her modesty is seen ;
But tulips flaunt in gold and red,
Nor hangs the peony's crimson head
That she has left the ball of snow
Without a single blush to glow ;
Yet meek and quiet, robed in white,
She blooms, a pendent orb of light ;
Nor discontent, nor envy knows
That she the peony's contrast shows.
'Tis often thus in nature's dealings,
She scarcely seems to heed our feelings ;
On some she showers her hoards of wealth,
And gives them friends, and gives them health,
Whilst others meet contending foes,
And all their life a world of woes—
But while I talk, this royal red
Already on the turf is shed ;
The glory of its richer bloom,

But brought it earlier to the tomb.
The graceful snowball's starry gems,
Though loosening, too, from tiny stems,
Are borne on gentle breezes' wing,
To deck the faithful evergreen,
That, like the canopy of night,
Bespangles o'er with starry light,
Or scatters far and wide around,
Her generous pearls on grass and mound.
But whilst I thus, in half disguise,
Am tending toward a moralize,
I'll leave the fancy of my friend
To follow where my moral tends;
And still present each plant and flower,
And thus fill up a pleasant hour.
Full well you know these garden walks,
Where hearts grow light in social talks,
Where buttercups their gold leaves scatter,
And blooddrops, bright as liquid, spatter,
The lady, in her veil of green,
As modesty itself, is seen.
The larkspur, in her wild delight,
Just bursting into tinted light;
The *fleur-de-lis*, in royal ray,
Oppose the leopard lily gay;
The varied pink and multi-rose,
From which a tide of sweetness flows;
The painted lady's gorgeous dress,
With rich luxuriant silken grace;
Her breeze-swept petals fall and rise

Like languid wings of butterflies.
And there's the bright forget-me-not,
With its sweet confiding look,
Reminding us of flowers that fled
Since first it reared its little head,
To bloom, with calm enduring ray,
Till all these pageants pass away;
But not to name each flower and sweet
That now our cheerful footsteps greet,
On grassy mound, or arching bower,
Or viny pyramids that tower,
Or graceful rose-vines snowy plumes,
That nearer to our dwelling blooms,
Whose odors so enrich the air
That thousands might the fragrance share;
Or eglantine, so sweet and bright,
Just peeping through the window light;
We'll pass along these borders gay,
And to the shady arbor stray,
Where the rose and grapevine twine,
And fragrant honeysuckles climb.
Here, in this pleasant cooling shade,
Oft be, my friend, in fancy staid.
O! 'tis a fairy little nook,
Where, free from care, or with a book,
We cast our raptured glance around,
And fancy it is Eden ground,
Where shrub, and vine, and smiling flowers
Are nurtured all by rainbow showers;
Or listen till the soul is stirred

To tuneful voice of joyous bird ;
Or wildered by some wild-bee hum
Till reverie's thought half cease to run ;
Or wakened by the balmy breeze,
That's wafted from the fragrant trees,
To view again, with fresh delight,
The butterfly's soft wavy flight,
So like the genius of the bowers,
She waves her banners o'er the flowers.

NOW DEAR M.:

I doubt not, long before this time,
You're drowsy grown, by din of rhyme,
And promise you, before I close,
To treat you to a little prose.
But for its interest or excitement,
Of subject matter or inditement,
Alas! M. K. does not afford
Not e'en the shadow of a gourd,
For hopeful hearts to lean upon.
For beaus, ah! one and all are gone;
Your "sweetest" one has sought Missouri,
The rest are joining Texas fury.
So now, you see, the barren soil
Affords no victor or his spoil,
Nor is there hope, till next "Leap Year,"
That we shall have a "*volunteer*."

IMPROMPTU,

Upon learning that the French astronomer, Leverrier, had discovered a star
before it had made its appearance.

Leverriere! Leverriere!

Thy name henceforth shall be a star!
The brightest of earth's constellations,
The glory of her admirations!

Thy God-like soul looked forth in thought,
And to thy mental vision brought
A world! which erst to thee was not.
Unerring skill, in nature's laws,
From vast effects traced out a cause,
Weighed all the planets from their source,
Accounting for each devious course.

The astonished Magi sought afar,
When lo! they found the unknown star,
And glory crowned Leverrier!

Leverrier! Leverrier!

Thy name henceforth shall be a star!
The brightest of earth's constellations,
The glory of her admirations!

QUERY.

Ye sages blest! who have the happy art
 Of giving wing to sluggish dormant thought,
 Each in its proper channel trained to flow
 Just as the subject wills, now quick, now slow,
 Imagination's airy fields to soar,
 Now fold the wing for philosophic lore,
 And each, so poised, will nicely balance skill,
 Pray, *can ye make the busy thoughts lie still?*

IMPROMPTU,

Upon reading a speech of Corwin's, in Congress.

Hail! noble Corwin! now dost thou enwrap thee
 In the mantle of Washington! now dost thou encircle
 Thy brow with the halo of Truth! and stayest up
 Thy soul with the buckler of Justice! Yea, in thee,
 God, even thy God, hath not left Himself without
 A witness.

Now be thy name revered
 By every patriot heart,
 Till Truth and Justice have disarmed
 Ambition's miscreant dart.

"SING FOR THEE A SONG?"

I fain would sing for thee a song
In poesy's sweet voice,
And the heart its echo should prolong,
For *love* would be its choice.

A rosy wreath for thee I'd twine,
And set it richly o'er and o'er,
With gems, and pearls, from the ocean-mine
Of the heart's exhaustless store.

I'd gather the rays from Friendship's pearls,
And blend their golden light,
And span the heart, with its rainbow hues,
'Till it trembled with delight.

I'd treasure the gleam from Hope's bright eye,
The light from her silvery wing,
'Till your buoyant heart should ever rise,
A brighter and happier thing.

THE ELM BY MY COTTAGE.

I love its tall, majestic height,
 Its branches wide and free,
The old bent limb, and gnarled root,
 They all have charms for me.

I love the murmurs of its leaves,
 When morn springs o'er the lea,
So gladly welcomes it the breeze!
 O! it has charms for me.

I love its solemn stillness, too,
 Ere clouds in tempest break,
Its silence doth the soul subdue,
 Nor bid one murmur wake.

I love its cool, refreshing shade,
 Its presence seems to be
For pleasant contemplation made,
 And this has charms for me.

In days of yore, the brooklet ran,
 Beneath this old shade tree;
As pure 'tis now, as it was then,
 And still has charms for me,

'Twas here I spent my childhood's dawn,
 In mirthful joy, and glee,
With airy bounds I traced the lawn,
 Then rested 'neath this tree.

Ah! who would give this quiet home
For Fashion's tapestry?
Not pleasure's hall, nor princely dome,
Have half such charms for me.

'Twas here I learned my evening prayer,
And still I bend the knee;
O! with one faithful heart to share,
What bliss these charms would be.



WEARISOME WINDS.



Oh, wearisome winds! why do ye overarch
Fair April's sunny hours, ye winds of March?
In thy confusion, blustering the leaves about my ears,
Blinding my sight, and chilling me with fears,
Why will ye blight the hopes of waning health?
With all your blust'ring promise, you can't restore its
wealth.

Ah! this little glint of sunshine
Half tempts me to forgive,
As hope is in that smile of thine,
And bids me live.

ESCULAPIA, April.

SNOW IN THE FOREST.

Holy, solemn, majesty!
Heaven's emblem, purity,
Mantling over hill and wood,
Deep'ning in the solitude
Not the wildering stormy breath
Scatters now its gems of wealth;
But as soft as angels hover,
Falls this snowy mantle over
Rock and glen and forest tree,
All enwrapped in purity.
Bending tops and branches prone,
All the holy presence own.
In my heart deep melody
Echoes to its purity.

* * * *

All the day, in whispers low,
Comes this wierd, mysterious snow.
Deep'ning, through the solemn night,
Falling, falling, 'till the light.
Stayed the treasures of the snow;
None may whence thy secret know—
Now the breeze from skies cerulean,
Sweeping showers of pearl and diamond,
Rifting richness on the snow.
Now the sun lights all aglow,
Gleaming through each icy prism,

With a sudden beauty given,
Emerald, ruby, sapphire,
Golden tints, and glowing jasper,
Every jewelled bough resplendent,
Sparkling, trembling, every pendent,
With a glory earth ne'er knows,
'Till she wears her robe of snows
All aslant the frost-flecked air,
Glory, glory, everywhere!

Thus the Father, in His love,
Sheds us glimpses, from above,
Of that city walled with gems,
Where the just wear diadems,
'Till our feeble souls can bear
All the greater glory there.



TO A FRIEND.

As flows the streamlet to the stream,
To seek its bosom sea,
So thought, on steady, ardent wing,
Bears onward thought to thee.

As does the drooping flower at night,
My heart grows sad, from thee,
But as it joyous opes to light,
So, my heart welcomes thee.

BRIGHT FLOWERS.

To Mrs. Nichols, Lexington, Kentucky.

Bright flowers! Sweet flowers!
Ye are gifts from above,
That are strewn in our pathway,
To teach us to *love*.

Bright flowers! Sweet flowers!
Though in sorrow we grope,
Thy grace and thy beauty
Still teach us to *hope*.

Bright flowers! Sweet flowers!
Ye "thoughts of the just,"
Ye eloquently teach us
Unwavering *trust*.

Fair emblems! Sweet flowers!
Of the bright "Sharon Rose,"
And the "Lily," so lowly,
That in the vale blows.

MIGNONNETTE.

Dedicated to Mrs. S. Bassett, Lexington, Kentucky.

What is it? O, where! this exquisite seeming!
As if a breath, from Elysium, out-stealing,
Entrancing the sense, with its subtle perfume?
Is it the odor of some Orient bloom,
Whose dazzling hue, whose glory, whose charm,
Enwraps the pleased sense, in its mystical balm?
The ardent eye seeks for this radiant flower,
Whose delicate incense is sweeping the bower.
Not the glowing carnation, trailing her sweets
With her spicy breath, so lovingly greets.
In truth, not the rose, though queen of her train,
So steals on the sense, like the sweetest refrain.
Then where shall we trace this timid recluse,
So shy, and so coy, her wealth to disclose?

 The eye rests on a tint of the palest green,
 With the slightest glint of golden gleam,
 Still wondering where all these virtues combine,
 When, lo! we have found it at *Modesty's* shrine.

MISS M. C. REQUESTS HER FRIEND TO RETURN HER
LOVER'S MINIATURE TO HIM.

Oh! give it back to him again!
That *once* so fondly cherished,
Those thrilling chords it wildly woke,
With withered hopes, have perished.

Oh! give it back to him again;
Why cherish it in sadness?
Though deep within this heart enshrined,
It wakes no more to gladness.

Oh! give it back to him again;
(The heart but breathes it faintly.)
He broke the cup of bliss in twain,
Then dash'd it, Oh! how madly.*

Yes, give it back "for me," again;
This heart can not be trusted,
Lest feeling triumph over pride,
(The heart's last anchor wrested).

Oh! will it on his spirit fall,
Like dirges, sadly pealing;
Or shadows, like a funeral pall,
Which, time can know no healing?

*Intemperance.

Yet, give it back to him again,
For whom a prayer is breathing,
That still life's sorrows lightly fall,
And Hope's calm ray be stealing.



SWEET MONTH OF JUNE.

Dedicated to Miss Laura Virginia Smith, Lexington, Ky.

How sweet is the dawn, that with music awakes!
When the gray tint of morn into roseate breaks,
When the soft, nestling zephyr lights down on the trees,
And gathers her odors to bear on the breeze.

When the dew rests unshaken on flowret and grass,
Nor footfall has marr'd since the night angel passed,
And breathed on each bud his ambrosial perfume,
That opes to the morn in the sweet month of June.

When the first golden ray gives each tint to the bloom,
What a flutter of joy! what a yield of perfume!
What a bright, joyous sparkle laughs out from the dew,
As it yields the pale starlight, for morn's golden hue.

The bird, and the bee, dart out from their rest,
They break on our vision, like bands from the blest,
And the sylph-butterfly, sweet genius of flowers,
Waves her banner-wings light o'er the dew-gem'd bowers.

The bright bird lays her breast on the thin, sunny air,
And floats far in ether, on her own music car;
The cloudlet rests soft, on the bosom of noon,
And bland are the breezes in the sweet month of June.

O, sweet month of June! what treasures are thine!
Your phials of odors adorning each vine,
Your carmined-cheek roses are breathing perfume,
O, queen month of roses! is the sweet month of June.

My heart now unfolds, from its sorrow and care,
As the rose-leaf unfolds to the soft evening air,
And my spirit shines out, in its silvery ray,
As the light-ripples flash, in the sunbeam's play.

And my life springs afresh, in its love-lit spell,
As the rill springs to light, in its shadowy dell,
And my heart! O, my heart! it is ever in tune,
In the bright sunny hours of the sweet month of June.



THE LOVER'S BROKEN TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

Tune: "The Rose That All Are Praising."

The *pledge* that I have prized so high,
The *one* you gave to *me*,
And must its broken fragments lie,
Unheeded all, by thee?
Those cherished hopes, so kindly given,
Alas! what fatal hand hath riven;
That thus they withering lie?
So fair, they bloomed to die!

Oh! is there not one relic left,
Of all that shone so bright?
Of hope, of love, of reason reft,
By the foul tempter's blight!
Oh! yield not thus thy generous soul,
Still make the effort to control,
Nor cease the virtuous strife,
'Twill prove perchance thy life!

Ah! yes, I see thee turn once more,
With firm resolve "to try"
The cup forsake, the pledge restore,
Nor taste it lest you die.
Those cherished hopes, that thus were slain,
Are kindling now, to live again;
That *purposed* heart of thine,
Will surely yet be *mine*!



DEDICATED TO MISS ADA STEELE.

O! that glimpse of the sweet, wild rose!
Would quaff of its breath;
Would sip of its dew;
Would gather its wealth;
But 'tis gone from the view.
To *me* you have been that sweet wild rose;
So brief did we meet;
How I yearned for your stay;
That moment, so sweet;
Yet you flitted away.

O! fragrance of the sweet wild rose!
So memory will bless
When gone is the friend
Of the gentle caress;
But friendships ne'er end

We shall spring again like the sweet wild rose
Where our flowers shall be gems,
Our wreaths diadems,
And our journeyings end
In a lasting repose.

ESCULAPIA, 1873.



TO MRS. M. S. T. AND MISS M. S.

As they wept over their languishing sister.



I saw what seemed to be a flower,
So brilliant was its hue,
And the bright gems that sparkled o'er
Seemed pearly drops of dew.

But as I gazed I nearer drew,
And 'twas a hectic flush
That o'er the cheek her mantle threw
Of roseate blush.

Those drops of dew were sister's tears,
Warm press'd from the anguished heart;
But Oh! they spoke the silent fears
That loving hearts must part.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

In a wreath of flowers, butterflies, honey bees, etc.

Bright garland of flowers ! What gorgeous array !
Sure, Flora and her daughters have met for display.
Their beauties and graces, in mystic combining,
With odors and zephyrs their charms all entwining,
With freshness and splendor, the senses regaling,
Enriching with fragrance the breath we're inhaling.

O ! come to the banquet, ye warm hearts of youth !
Here the bright rose of love, and the myrtle of truth,
The primrose of evening, and the violet so blue ;
O ! come and select for some fond heart and true ;
Here the moss bud and snowdrop in innocent white,
Each presenting their charms with varied delight.
A bouquet so sweet, so enchantingly rare .
O ! come and select for some delicate fair,
Whose beauteous form and bright smiling face
Shows nature's fair hand in every trace,
Where health leaves her tint on the cheek and the lips,
But whose soul and whose mind all these beauties eclipse ;
A heart firm, yet yielding, and breathing of love,
All pure and unmingled as it came from above.

Then skillfully play on these delicate harp strings,
Nor trust the brim-heart's full to tremulous falterings ;
But select some dear flower, that breathes thy emotion,
And give it a pledge of the heart's true devotion.

But caution, dear youth, while culling a flower,
There is often a thorn, though hidden its power;
And full often, too, on bright airy wing,
Gaily sipping the sweets, some wearing a sting.

But stay! there's a flower, that now meets my eye,
It calls forth a tear, the heart breathes a sigh;
Not the tear of regret, but the soul's gush of feeling;
'Tis a joy! 'tis a hope! 'tis a heaven revealing!
How strange these emotions of mingled delight,
Where sympathy, sorrow and joy all unite!
O! flower of all flowers, thou flower of the cross,*
E'en before which all others are "counted but loss,"
Thou bid'st us first seek, in language of love,
The bliss that's undying, whose emblem, the dove,
Like a bright star of heaven, so pure, so divine,
Thou retest a beacon of Hope, on the vine,
An emblem, so true, so touchingly rare,
Thy charms e'en attracting the angelitos there.
Like them, may we draw the sweet nectar of love,
And lay up in store a rich treasure above.
Like the butterfly gay from its chrysalis bed
Emerge all triumphant with wings from the dead
To receive a glad wreath of unfading flowers,
All glory immortal, in heaven's bright bowers.

*The passion flower.

HOMESICK.

Like a dove that is wounded,
I fly to thy bosom
To nestle once more
In the heart of my home.

Alas! all unsheltered
Too long I have roam-ed,
A mark for the archers,
I fly to my home.

Is there room for the weary,
Forsaken and lone?
I fly to thy arms then,
O! welcome me home.

TO MRS. L. O. COOPER'S AUTOGRAPH.

'Tis her name, that delicate trace;
So fragile her form, but then her face;
So sweet, so gentle, so fair!
The intellect brow, the beautiful hair,
The polish of culture, the softness of grace
On the beautiful mold, leave their elegant trace.
But her heart and her soul,
With these beauties compare,
Though exquisite all, are not half so fair!
What's polish of culture, or elegant trace,
To patience, and meekness, and pure Christian grace?

TO A THISTLE SEED FLOATING IN THE AIR

Aback! I know thee, who thou art,
Although thou comest on the zephyr's wings,
And dancest in the sunbeams, as if
Thyself, wert sparkling rays of light,
And now, with soft and silken grace,
Thou touchest e'en my cheek. Aback!
I know thee, who thou art, and thy
Low heritage—and how thou rootest
Out thy better neighbors;
Nor stayest thence thine influence dire,
But o'er the land thou spreadest
Thy bane insidious, vaunting oft
In royal mien, which Scotia, tain,
In proudest honor wears.
Avaunt, base hypocrite; with
All thy regal mien, and silken grace,
Thou wouldst pierce the heart
'Twould grasp thee friendly.

TO MISS NANNIE W.

Dear Nannie, take my little flower
And cherish it for me;
And let it be a rosy link
Between myself and thee.

And may its fragrant buds and flowers,
Beneath thy fostering care,
Beguile thy lonely summer hours
Which I so fain would share.

And if, perchance, it bear a thorn
(What rose e'er bloomed without),
Let it not check thy smiles or care,
Nor wake distrustful doubt.

For is it not the darkling cloud
That gives the rainbow shower?
So takes it not, the thorn, dear Nan,
To prove the genuine flower?

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

The merry martin's matin song
Recalls my days of youth,
When hopes were bright, and hearts were warm,
And all appeared like truth.

So bright, and sunny, were those days
My soul in music's strain,
Burst forth, as with the morning rays
Sweet notes from Memnon's fane.

My heart was aye, so full of song,
And Hope was ever dancing nigh,
I scarce did wait the tear-drop gone,
Ere joy was kindling in my eye.

As joyous as some fairy thing,
I fain did seek to fly,
To join their song and airy wing
And reach the clear blue sky.

What spirit was't my soul thus stirred
To rise at once from earth,
Ere thought or deed or hasty word
Should damp this flow of mirth?

The same that tipped with gold the flowers,
And bade them seek the sun ;
The same that filled with song the bowers,
And graceful festoons hung.

'Twas nature's voice unstained by earth,
That bade the impulse rise ;
All conscious of her heavenly birth
She yearned to meet the skies.

Those sunny days are gone for aye
Yet hope has not departed,
She lingers near with tempered ray
Nor leaves me broken hearted.

* * * * *

But life was lengthened out apace,
And o'er her gilded landscape threw,
Full many a dark and shadowy trace,
Ere she her magic light withdrew.

Those happy days of life's young dawn,
Ne'er dreamed an evil morrow,
But night succeeds the brightest morn,
And time hath learned this heart to sorrow.

WHAT TIME I AM AFRAID I WILL TRUST IN THEE.

Psalm LVI : 3.

When no storm was near,
And nothing to fear,
I felt strong in my Father to trust;
But the deep thunder bayed,
And my heart grew afraid,
And I trembled for lack of my trust.

And I cried, Father, spare
From this dread lightning's glare
And the tempest that seemeth so wild;
And He answered me near,
What casteth out fear,
Is thy *perfect love*, O ! child.

Then for shame I leant
My forehead, and wept,
On the bosom of His Fatherly love;
Soon the sun shone out fair,
I was safe in His care,
And the clouds were all gone from above

A STREAK OF CLOUD.

The seasons come, and the seasons go,
As the tides at ebb, and the tides aflow,
But they never bring
To my heart its spring,
For that passed long ago.

The days, they come, and the nights, they go,
Filled with sighing and sorrow and wo,
And the shadows they bring,
Like a pall they fling
O'er hopes, dead long ago.

My trials come, and my trials go
All the way this journey below,
And the path I thought
But strewn with flowers,
Checkered and shadowed
By saddest of hours

VIEW FROM MY WINDOW.

O! what beauty in the distance!

E'er was loveliness so fair?

Landscape traced by silvery waters

Casting back the sunbeams there.

Distant hills and mountains gleaming

With their sunlit emerald crowns,

All Elysian lands beseeeming

While the heart its spirit owns.

Gently breathe the swelling zephyrs

O'er the waving meadows low,

Fleecy clouds their shadows glancing

Soft as dimples come, and go

Now the distant breeze-swept forest

Wakes its music to the air,

And the tender, cooing dovelet

Pours her plaintive echoes there.

Bounding o'er the grassy hillock

Tender herds, and lambkins play,

Blending all their bleating chorus,

Or by silvery brooklets stray.

Fresh, the fragrance from the orchards,

Pouring richness on the sense,

Violets, eglantine, and roses,

Offering up there sweet incense.

Beauteous nature! All harmonious!
Stirring deep the inmost soul
Wakes the bosom-harp in chorus,
Yielding music with the whole.



TO MRS. MOUNTJOY.



A murmur soft among the leaves,
As if of Autumn sighing;
Sweet, gentle Autumn, that so oft
Hangs over pensive beauty dying.

Flush summer brought us fruits and joys,
We quaffed of her elixirs.
And felt for moments that e'en life
Could hold for us no other mixtures.

But, Oh! The waking time will come,
The frost will touch, and blight our flowers,
And chide us, that we e'er had thought,
On earth to spend our Eden hours.

Earth's pleasures so delusive are,
We taste her chalice o'er and o'er,
And find them fleeting as the air,
And still the heart cries out, "*Encore.*"

FAIRY QUEEN WOOING AN EARTH-BORN LOVER

Ah! There! Behold

Yon rosy youth, reclined in sylvan bower,
In happifying shade, held soft in slumber's power.
Down from this sunlit cloud I'll spread my silken wing,
And o'er his soul in *dreams* love's radiant fancies bring.

(Yes, all my zephyrs glancing in the sun

Shall do him honors, when their Queen has won)—

I'll soft advance with such a gentle grace,
He will half love me, ere he sees my face.

I'll poise me here,

Just by the tinkling of this spring
That falls in mellow music on his ear,
Holding his soul enrapt, intent to hear.
So, will I woo him with dreams changeful moods—
(Thoughts less ethereal, fair purpose but eludes.)
So, thou fair dreaming youth shalt *know*
All the sweet graces that my cares bestow.
Thus, when dark shadows hover o'er thy rest,
And sit in awful dread upon thy breast,
'Tis *I* who turns those shadows into light
And wreathes around thy heart soft haloes of delight.
When turgid waters threaten to destroy,
Nor hope, nor skill thy found'ring barque upbuoy,
'Tis *I* who calms those waters into lakelets bright,
And mak'st in shallow depths, thy found'ring barque move
light

When awful precipices yawn beneath
Thy trembling footfall, nor thy heart can breathe,
'Tis *I* who bear'st thee on my gentle wing
To some green slope, or islet crowned with spring,
Where roseate bloom, and fragrance fills the gale
With sweetness soft, ne'er dreamed in Cashmere vale,
Where music pours her very soul of love
From winglets bright, and plaintive dove,
'Till all the dreaming senses of thy soul
Entranced in bliss, are held in sweet control.
And *thus*, I woo thee, when thine eye dost turn
To earth's fair objects, and thy heart dost burn
To gather sweetness in its fond embrace.
And gaze with rapture on each lovelit trace,
'Till earth, and soul, and life were given
To gain at once thy fancied heaven,
In thy abandon, then, I waken *fear*
That all of fancied heaven may not be here.

And *thus* and *thus* I woo thy love.

Ah, say, must I retire in shadows soft,
And breathe my sighs, as I have oft,
To idle zephyrs in my airy realm,
And glow in vain my starry diadem?
Or wilt thou rise on pinions light and free
And all my fairy Queendom share with me?
Yes, say at once, sweet, rosy. Valentine,
Wilt leave earth's loves, and be forever mine?

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Dear John, I've eluded my foes
 (A host of dire maladies sure),
Then quick, come and see me, who knows
 But your presence may effect quite a cure.

Then come in, I say, while they're out,
 For you'll find me in frolicsome glee,
Whenever they're taking a scout,
 Though anvilling malice for me

I'm the subject exact, that they like,
 On hand, when all others are fled,
They're sure of my coming to life,
 Though departing, they leave me half dead.

So you see how malicious my foes
 (Though I speak of it softly to thee),
Lest o'erhearing, they thicken my woes,
 To pay for this minute of glee.

Then come, John, I'll put on a smile,
 Although I must do it by stealth,
Lest they coming, steal on us the while,
 And *douse* me for having my health.

Then if you've no fear of a ghost,
 Nor e'en its strong semblance to see
(You well of such courage may boast),
 To the L. O.* come straight up to me.

*Ladies' Observatory (name of room.)

OH! NO, THEY DID NOT MENTION HER.

To my darling little niece, Fannie C. Runyon.

Can it be, thou little dewdrop,
Thou hast left the mother rose,
On whose bosom sparkling gem-like,
Talisman of half earth's woes?

Can it be, thou purest emblem,
Heaven to earth has ever given,
Thou hast left that glowing bosom?
Beaming brighter now in heaven.

Fades she now, without thy pure light,
Through whose beauties viewed her own,
Deeming that her heart grew purer,
As she pressed thee to her own?

Courts she now the shadow sadly,
Which the hand of sorrow flung,
When it took her pride of beauty?
Tell me, dearest, purest one.

If in heaven thy spirit floatest,
Or on earth thou lingerest yet;
May not humble ones, with purest,
In their breathings oft be met?

EXCELSIOR.

A youth lay dreaming on the sward
'Neath Summer's shady bowers,
And playful fancy led him on
Through endless Summer hours.

Perspective spread her golden wing.
Unseen, were bogs, and storm and strife,
And thought, but pleasure's perfumed breath
Should fan his sunny life.

And as he lay in blissful dream,
A note fell soft upon his ear;
Yet scarcely caught—like flitting gleam,
Uprose the spirit voice to hear.

Soon hied upon a gentle steep—
The voice broke full upon his ear;
And roused his soul as from a sleep—
Excelsior! Excelsior!

An ardent pulse within awoke;
Unheeded now the Summer lay,
As o'er his soul the music broke;
Still upward, onward hold thy way.

And as he gained each loftier height,
His soul expansive, viewed before,
Still opening scenes of new delight;
Excelsior! Excelsior!

And now the watchword fill'd his soul—
Nor threat'ning bogs, nor rugged steeps
Could break the power of its control
As on from height, to height, he leaps.

His calm, expansive brow revealed
A halo, wreathed of holy truth,
And on his soul, the impressed sealed
Th' insignia of *Immortal Youth*.

Now sweeter still, that thrilling tone,
As from celestial heights it came,
By virtues stern, etherial grown,
Triumphant rose a spirit flame.

And as his brightning soul unfurled,
On seraph wings to soar,
Still echoed back from world to world,
Excelsior! Excelsior!

THEY SAY HE'LL NEVER COME AGAIN.

I've watched his footsteps, day by day,
And night, 'till hope has failed.
They say he'll *never come again*:
 That he is drowned!
 Ah! What is that?
His spirit fled from off this earth,
 His body in the cold wave
Where I can never weep o'er his lone grave,
 Never—Never—Never—
And ere the wailing echo dies,
I'm list'ning still his footsteps,
Till hope half lights the heart up.
 Yet, Never—Never—Never—
 Is the pall that ever
 On this heart must fall.

Now ever in this heart
I fold thy spirit,
Ever—Ever—Ever—
Thine image may not part,
Never—Never—Never.

A GIFT TO THE DYING.

It came like an echo, from the sister band ;
Calling me back from the Jordan strand.
O! stay with us yet, till our task here is done,
For a few more hours may thy life sands run,
O wreathe with us still the bright flowers of life,
Our hearts would enshield thee from sorrow and strife.
Let us go to the fields, where the clear streamlets run,
Let us joy once more in a bright May sun ;
Let us breathe fresh life from the rainbow showers,
And talk once again of our earlier hours.
O! leave us not yet, thou "light of our eye,"
For we are *one* band, for the bright-gemmed sky.
O! leave us not yet, lest a chord in our song
Be missed on our ear, and we *feel* thou art gone.

Ye are a loving band, and I fain would stay,
But the bright ones are waiting, I must wing me away.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED CHILD,

Who died in the night while her mother, unconscious that her spirit had fled, was lying by her side and affectionately holding her hand.

She had lingered by her mother,
Tenderly she held her hand,
When *One* came and clasped the other
From the bright and shining band.

Led her from this earth so shadowy,
To the bright and roseate dawn,
Where they welcomed her so gladly ;
'Twas but a *step* into the morn.

Then they told her how they loved her,
As they led her on, and on,
To the mansions of the Father,
Where no sorrow e'er could come.

Told her then, youth's fair to-morrows,
Oft were overswept by tears,
Now her heart should know no sorrows,
Nor should feel the blight of years.

Then her hand they clasped the closer,
As they on, and onward sped,
Telling of the sweetest story,
How the Saviour once was dead ;

Now was waiting there in glory
To receive the loved ones home,
And present them to the Father
As beloved of the Son.

Then they heard the sweetest anthems
Of the honors to Him due,
And they felt exceeding glory,
As they passed the portals through.

Then they showed her, where her father's,
Where her mother's home should be;
Where her sister's, where her brother's,
Resting by the crystal sea.

Then she joined the song of glory,
Praised the Father that so soon,
He had to His mansions brought her,
Ere had passed her youthful bloom.

Oft at evening, now, the music
Floats adown the starry plain,
Soothing all the heart's full anguish
With their darling's blissful gain.

DESPERATE LOVER.

A young lover, desperately in earnest to understand and win the heart of his lady love, requested a portrait of a heart ; but how to portray that which never sat—is ever onward—and like the dissolving views, presents new phases at every pulsation, may not be so easy. Yet here are suggested a few refracted rays, which, perhaps, may be gathered to throw some LIGHT on the subject.

Into what shall I dip my pencil rare,
What guide in this magical art,
Where cull the tints of a flower so fair
To paint thence fair woman's heart?

If I treasure the gleam from Hope's bright eye,
The light from her silvery wing,
Or snatch the tint from the sunset sky
'Twould be but a *fairy* thing.

If I gayly flit from flower to flower
And follow the butterflies' wing,
And hoard the tint of its sunny hour
'Twould be but a *joyous* thing.

If I take of the blush of the tinted rose
And the oil of its fragrance win,
And their graces spread till the canvas glows
'Twould be but a *beauteous* thing.

If I mingle the sigh of the mourning dove
With the tears of the willow sad
To sketch the waves of its trembling love
'Twould be but in *sorrowing* clad.

If I take of the gems, their pearly light
And dip in the morning dew,
May paint the heart as the icicle bright,
But as *cold*, perchance, if true.

Ah! how can I trace its thrilling life
And the warmth of its pulses tell,
Its hovering hopes, and its yearning strife,
And the calm of its holy spell?

Is there naught in nature's hallowed store
Her lights, and her shadows will own?
Ah! may it not be in music's power
To paint her varied tone?

From the softest touch of the evening's breath
That stirs the lip of the rose,
To the deepest tones of the heart's rich wealth
Her magical triumph shows.

Thus Hope, and the flowers, and gems, and dew,
The palm to music had awarded,
For her powers to touch each chord they knew,
And thus had the Portrait ended.

But swifter than thought, ere fancy could wist,
Were gathered each ray with a magical twist,
By a swift little messenger winged in his might
From the gods with a lens, in lieu of his dart,
And canvassed the spell, A BRIGHT RAY OF LIGHT
On the disc of man's shadowed heart.

"LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

Oh! strangely wild is this lone heart
To weave a tie that must be broken,
For Oh! how surely we must part,
And this *deep* love is but the token.

Such golden links are made to sever
That clasp this heart with wild delight;
The light of love is darkness ever
That wraps my soul in pall of night.

Oh! sweet the light on other hearts
That dawns on mine no more below;
Oh! sweet the bliss that love imparts,
But mine on earth no more shall know.

No hope e'er lights the anguished thrill,
And "love lies bleeding" ever;
The light that other hearts may fill,
It comes to mine, Oh! never, never.

AN EXTRAVAGANT WISH.

I wish I had a *pond* of ink,
That never would grow thick or dry,
And black, and polished letters make
Just every time I'd try.

And now another wish I'll make,
Since I am in the spell,
I'd have *white* paper piled as high
As I could reach full well,

And of its depth, as height you'd know,
'Twould be six feet or more,
As I, in solid walls would stow
Its reams upon the floor,

And since to wish, is found so easy,
I'll make this one more draught on,
For I shall need, to keep me busy,
A gold pen, tipped with diamond,

WRITTEN IN MISS ANNIE PARRY'S ALBUM.

Annie, dearest, shall I bring
Praises from the rosy Spring,
Fragrance from the lily white,
Purity from dewdrops bright ;
Freshness from the breathing morn,
Of the dewy starlight born,
Glowing tints from closing eve,
Gilding still the scenes they leave,
Bring these treasures, and still more,
From all nature's beauteous store,
Lay them prostrate at thy feet
Of *thysself* fair emblems meet ?

Still there is an inner light
Purer than the diamond bright,
Richer than the rainbow hue,
Heaven's gift bequeathed to you.
'Tis the soul that beams within,
Never, never to grow dim.
Spark of the Divinity !
Lasting as Eternity !
Nature here, has *no compare*,
All the earth no offering there,
Not e'en angels in the skies
E'er dared estimate the prize,
And with wonder saw it won
Bought by the Eternal Son !

O! with humble, earnest prayer,
Cherish it with all thy care.
To thy last departing hour
By the Spirit and the Power,
By the grace of Christ that's given
To ensure your home in heaven.



SO LONG SICK.



So long sick in bed! Yes, I had
Almost forgot there was a sky,
Or air, or earth—
Or aught that spoke of joy,
Or breathed of life, or mirth.
They seem'd to me as *dreams* that *were*,
Not things of real life,
That dimly float in memory,
Of neither calm nor strife—
It seems a strange monotony,
And not like any time,
We scarce can tell from holy day
The week, by common sign;
Thus flows my life along,
Or rather, floats in mist,
Not like a story or a song,
But how, I do not wist—

(But O! that golden hinge! the "*Afterwards*,"
Did it not yield the "peaceable fruits?")

GREETING TO THE EDITOR.

Greeting to the Editor of the first newspaper printed in Lewis County, Kentucky,
1871 or 1872.

We greet you with a willing hand,
We are glad to know you take your stand
On Lewis County's shore.
We trust beneath your *Foster*-ing care
All int'rests shall have a share
And prosper more and more.

Within the bosom of our hills
Of running springs, and sparkling rills
Are hidden mines of ore ;
You've but to broach our enterprise,
Which, like our mines, but hidden lies,
To pour our coffers o'er.

Here science, under every tree,
Reclines, and waits, to offer thee
Her choicest gems of lore.
Her rays shall permeate the soil
And well repay the farmer's toil
With more than bounteous store.

The arts shall flourish in your light,
And trade and commerce shall unite
To rouse our dormant shores,
Strong interests, binding brotherhood,
Contending for the right and good,
Shall bless us evermore.

Our *railroad*, *guarantee* of wealth,
That spans our east, and western breadth
 Shall be our country's pride,
Shall link us with our sister mates
And make us equal in the State
 With strength and power allied.

But he who'd vote the blessing down
Will surely bear the stigma down
 To his posterity;
And sadly prove the proverb true
"He that withholdeth what is due,
 Tendeth to poverty."

Your *politics*, if understood,
Are aiming at your country's good,
 (If incorrupt, and pure);
But if they're held for party strife,
Not principles, nor virtues rife,
 They can not long endure.

Now here's again our cordial hand!
Partake the blessings of the land,
 With hearty will and cheer;
Long may you live with us to bless,
And meet with many a kind caress,
 The "*Vanceburg Pioneer*."

GROWING OLD.

I can not think that I am old,
That time has crept on me,
Though fragrant still the flowers of youth,
The frost has fall'n on me.
Yes, fresh, and fragrant, are they still,
I bear them on my heart;
Nor may the scenes of life e'er chill,
Though many years depart;
Those flowers of youth, bright *hope* and *love*
Still light my pathway here,
Their golden light, and fragrant bloom,
Shall all my heart's way cheer.
Nor shall I ever feel old age
While youth and nature smile
With ever-standing open page
My passing hours beguile.

TO THE BACHELORS IN "CENTRE DELL."

These flowers of blue,
Your favorite hue,
As false have proved
As some we've loved.
Their fate to tell,
But plucked and fell.

We eager sought
With pleasing thought
The flowers among
And vines that clung
To find but one,
Just to adorn
A bouquet sweet,
Thus you to greet;
As 'tis but fair
That you should share
Our toil and fun
In shade and sun.
But why repine
For flower or vine?
Since flowers there are,
As bright and fair,
And speak as true
As do the blue.
Accept then, these,
Your friends to please,
And while they bloom
In cottage room,
With fostering care,
Our smiles you share,

“LADIES’ BOWER.”

ESCULAPIA SPRINGS.

THE SKY.

The sky, the sky, the bright blue sky!

And its fleecy clouds of snow,
With its zephyrs softly flitting by,
As the light-winged angels go.

The sky, the sky, with its broad expanse,
Like a loving heart looks down
On the bright green earth, with its hills and dales.
Where her fruits and flowers are strown.

The sky, the sky, the bright blue sky.
Is mirrored in the earth below,
As a lover's heart, the image wears
Of the look that love bestows.

The sky, the sky, like a mother kind,
Ne'er wears an angry frown,
But the cloud that rests upon her brow
Is to send some blessing down.

The sky, the sky, the sweet blue sky—
Looks lovingly down on earth,
And the waters calm the feature's wear
Of the clouds that gave them birth.

The sky, the sky, bright blue sky,
Is ever my heart's delight—
Whether dressed in her light and fleecy clouds
Or bright with her stars by night.

The sky, the sky, the loving sky,
 Was ever my childhood's care,
 And I've dipped my foot in the limped stream
 To walk in her fields of air.



ACROSTIC.

Some think that earth has nothing bright,
 And all must wear a face of gloom,
 Revealing naught but has a blight,
 And blighting all that else had bloomed,
 Hapless indeed! Alive entombed!

Amid her warmth, and light and gladness,
 No heart to feel, icebound in coldness,
 Nor face to smile, that soul is rayless.

But *there are hearts*, so bright and warm,
 Unbound by frost, or blight or sadness,
 Rejoicing earth's so beauteous born,
 Glad'ning their spirits, with her brightness,
 E'en as the laughing stream each ray and flower
 Sends back their tinted light with magic power,
 So they, with smiles and joy, light up the present hour.

S—uch hearts as these, the world from chaos saves,
 D—arkness they light, although the tempest raves,
 G—leaming a beacon on the bosom's waves.

WRITTEN ON A CARD TO MRS. J. F.

Peace be to thee, my friend!
And I could wish for thee *long* life,
Should happiness attend;
But how could I, should sorrow's dart,
Pierce often through thine anguished heart,
How *could* I wish *long* to detain,
Thy ardent soul
In earthly chain,
When freedom's wing
Can free from pain
And reach thy goal.

NOTE TO A FRIEND.

The morn is fair, the dew is fleet,
Inviting now to roving feet,
And friends there are, who thee would greet
With fondest love, in converse sweet.

Though humblest *I*, this sweet would share
Though age has dashed my brow with care
You'll find my heart as fresh and fair
As if a flower had just bloomed there.

Then spend with me the morning hour,
'Twill leave a charm within my bower,
That oft will prove in wintry hour
A halo, to the clouds that lower.

"SWEET AND LOWLY."

Sweet and lowly be my flowers
As the purple violet's cup,
Which the soft and vernal showers
Filleth with their crystals up.

Sweet and lowly be my flowers
As the myrtle vine that runneth
'Neath the fragrant carmined roses,
Where the breath of sweet Spring cometh.

Sweet and lowly be my flowers
As the tiny snow-drop white,
Resting on the grassy billow,
As a gentle ray of light.

Yes, be mine as sweet and lowly
As the clustering pearly bells
Of the lily of the valley,
Where the oil of fragrance dwells.

Now to Him, the "Rose of Sharon,"
Would I bring my offering pure;
If his grace but deign to smile on,
Shall I feel reward is sure.

A RESPONSE FROM THE MOUNTAINS;

Or, the Music of the Winds in the Esculapian Hills.

I am wedded to the mountains
And the grand old forest trees,
The sparkling rills and fountains
And the healthful mountain breeze.
You, from the city call me
Your pleasures there to share,
Your concerts and your worshipings;
But *God is everywhere.*

His grand old music tones
That swept o'er Eden's bowers,
Come sounding through these mountain-tops,
And sweep these chords of ours;
Then die away in beauty,
So soft, so sweet, so free,
To rise again in majesty,
Like billows of the sea.

The solo in the distance,
In soft Eolian strain,
Comes swelling up these valleys
To join the loud refrain.
They meet as in a frenzy
Of song, and joy, and glee;
Then sounds the full orchestra
In one grand jubilee!

So wake *our* souls to music,
With anthems from the sky
(The winds are but His ministry),
We feel his presence nigh;
And though it be a solitude,
Yet sacred seems the place;
We silent walk through glen and wood,
And *almost meet Him face to face.*



FOR MRS. TEAL'S ALBUM.

"I was a stranger, and ye took me in,"
Were the blest words the Savior spoke;
And from the heart, though stained with sin,
He to himself the favor took.

Thrice blessed they who thus have done,
For they are of his Father blest;
Into his kingdom they shall come,
Prepared for everlasting rest.

And thou, amid that shining band,
Shalt then this badge of honor wear;
Thou tookest the stranger by the hand,
And bade her oft thy bounty share.

Then through thy heart, as fragrance sweet,
And on thy ear as music falls,
Thy gentle kindness ever greet
As oft as memory recalls.

TO A TREE COVERED WITH ICICLES,

Seen before and after sunrise, and again in the after part of the day.

Hail! beauteous, glorious tree!
How like a queen in thy calm dignity!
My heart is fain to kneel to thee,
As I gaze on thy peerless majesty.
And this was wrought all in one holy night,
This robe of honor, and these jewels bright.
Ne'er from thy earliest bud to this thine age
Hadst naught like this thy crystal foliage;
For verdure bright, nor blossom e'er so fair,
Has naught with thee in beauty to compare.
Thou wert like an angel clothed in white,
Just merged resplendent from the world of light.
Or like a crystal, shot from some bright star,
Thou wert surely robed in 'lysian lands afar.

When the fair goddess, decked with life the
bowers,

And placed the rose, the queen among the flowers,
She from her brow withheld one charming grace;
Nor did, till earnest sought, that beauty trace,
When in her flow'ry halls begemmed with dew,
Around the blushing maid her mossy veil she threw.
Not so with thee, thyself a goddess fair,
Nor charm, nor grace's withheld, *perfection's self* is there!

But this 's thy bridal morn—
Was it for pride or joy that thus thy heart did dance
When first on thee thy lord his eye did glance?
Thou wert like a ruby crystaled into bloom,
So radiant were the blushes thy beauty did illume.
Thy sparkling joy betrayed thy heart's emotion,
All queenly as thou wert in thy devotion.
Or thoughtest thou in thy heart's lightness
Thy lord's keen vision to o'er dazzle in brightness?
But now on thee full fixed his ardent eye above,
Until thy very soul doth melt with love.
I, too, could gaze on thee until the last,
Thy virgin robe and radiance cast.
But I must turn away.
Yet in my fancy thou art staid,
As some rich gem in golden case deep laid.
And now, ere long, and I *must* look again.

Oh! thou, in peerless beauty left,
Who could thee thus of all thy glory reft?
Where is thy glorious diadem
So richly set with many a glittering gem,
Thy robe resplendent as thy spirit's beam;
Each ample fold as 't were one diamond sheen,
Where pendent jewels and thy snowy wreath,
Which munificent did thee bequeath?

And did thy faithless lord pass on,
Shedding alike his kindling glance on every beauteous
form,

Leaving thee thus the beautiful, the true,
To waste away in pearly drops of dew?
And hast thou thus in thy despair
Thrown off thy jewels, laid thy heart's string bare,
This, thy resolve, tear after teardrop shed,
'Till all, alas! thy beauty's fled?

Then now no more in thy Eolian halls,
Shall music's voice be heard;
Nor zephyrs gaily dance;
Nor voice of gladsome bird;
The wind in gloomy night
May breathe in sorrow's tone,
Or hap, some lonely dove
Sit there and moan.



UPON PRESENTING A ROSE TO A FRIEND AT PARTING.



Ah! take this rose still bathed in dewy tears;
Oh! yields it thus soft sympathy for coming fears?
Yet take it, though it be the last,
And o'er the future many a shadow cast.

Yet lives not fragrance when its beauty sleeps,
As memory o'er the loved her faithful vigil keeps;
So let thy thought, when groups before it blend,
Retain within thy mind thy *mountain friend*.

'TO A FRIEND,

Who was a great admirer of the late and lovely Miss E. J. S——e.

I have listened for thy dirge-note of wailing—
Yet that wailing which is softened by sad music ;
And thy sorrow—yet that sorrow which hath sweetness ;
And thy tear—yet such as night weeps over closed
 flowers ;
And thy sigh—as the breeze bearing fragrance ;
And thy desolation—whose wastes hope lights.
Is thy heart paralyzed, that night's pall has closed
Over that which is so lovely ? Rise ! Up ! Let us stretch
Forth that which is withered. Haste ! Quick, upon the
Footsteps of her who blissful past the Portals ;
If so be, we may enter there before we lay down
Youth's flowers, and bear the blight and burden
Of our years. All glorious now is she whom we
Loved as lovely ! Yea, saw ye not her robe re-
 splendent
As she neared the Holy City, adorned as a bride,
Even spouse of the beloved ? Ah ! what admiration
 pulsates
In that one all-harmonious heart, to Him who
Shall be "glorified in his saints and admired"
By all who here have in His name believed !

TO A FRIEND.—1856.

Henry, 't is often said your early lore
Should ne'er been wasted in a store,
Nor even tending fields of corn,
Nor making beautiful the lawn;
But had your talents had their weight,
"Would govern men, and guide the state."

True, as you say, 't were noble toil
To turn the furrows of the soil,
And breathe the fresh'ning air of heaven,
So freely to the toiler given;
And garner from the treasured earth,
The fruitful teemings of her birth.
But nobler still the task consigned
To him who guides and governs mind!

Then why has fate her favored son,
Withheld from these bright glories won?
Withheld, perchance, as treasured store,
Yet gathering still, and adding more;
Just as the wave's receding length
Returns, and with it gathered strength.

So thou, perchance, as o'er and o'er
Thou conn'st the page of human lore,
Enriching still thy treasured thought,
Upon the drama to be brought
In times as perilous, as when
The lion prowling from his den,

In thy great namesake, met the shock,
As raging ocean meets the rock,
Sending its backward foam again
To mingle with the ocean main.

So thou, as o'er thy country's sky
Dost sweep the horizon with thine eye,
Shalt quick discern the tempest blast,
Threat'ning the gallant ship's o'erblast;
Shalt steady steer from rock and strand,
And proudly bear her safe to land!
Then, Henry, keep thine upward eye,
And clear these moorings where you lie;
Leave the sweet culture of the sod.
And serve thy country and thy God!



ALAS! FOR THAT BLEAK HEART.

Alas! for that bleak heart where love's not known,
Around whose sterile fibers no graceful foliage thrown;
So dead to life, so little good to know;
No heart that can receive, nor pleasure e'er bestow;
No heart to smile with nature's landscape fair;
No heart to thrill, when other hearts to share;
No eye to weep when sad afflictions flow;
No heart to yearn for others' suffering woe;
No heart grow bland for innocent's sweet smile.
Nor song, nor smile, nor joy, that rigid heart beguile.

YE LANDS OF BLISS.

Ye lands of bliss, that bloom so fair
Where angel bands surround the throne
To wait some message still to bear

To weary mortals far from home;
Say, can ye waft some sweet delight
To bear us nearer to his arms,
And wing our faith to higher flight?

Alas, we grovel here below,
Our pinions trailing in the dust.

The blinding mists are settling low,
And trembling is our feeble trust.

Dost ask for *more* than Love has done
To win thy heart to higher place?

The Father's love hath given the Son:
Believe that love, and trust that grace.

Such wondrous grace thy *faith* requires
No faltering footsteps find that path;

'Tis full assurance that inspires!
'Tis as thy faith, that each one hath.

Then lay aside each weight and care,
Let duty be thy enterprise;

Then faith and love shall lead to where
This blissful land of glory lies.

OH! GIVE ME PATIENCE.

Oh! give me patience to the end,
It sure can not be far—
Although the way is rough and steep,
And chilly shadows round me creep,
There 's now and then a star.

A helping hand seems beckoning me
To walk with firmer tread;
Though it may seem a doubtful way,
Still guided by this gentle sway,
There 's nought for me to dread.

As, step by step, the loftiest height
Firm purpose may attain;
So Faith with ever onward step,
And Hope within the bosom kept,
Shall full fruition gain.

What will the glad fruition be?

O joy, all thought above!
To lay my head upon His breast,
To feel my soul has perfect rest
Within my Father's love.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHRISTIAN ANNUAL."

JAMES CHALLEN,—Please send the "Christian Annual," for

I miss its ray of sunshine,
That made my home more bright;
I miss its golden flowers,
Whose odors turned to light.

I miss its lily fragrance
Of purity and love;
Its mystic myrtle, Truth,
Reflected from above.

I miss its rose of beauty,
Its trellises of grace;
Its gems that strew the pathway
Of every page's trace.

I miss its tender cadence,
That o'er its waters floats,
Waking the tear of sympathy
In plaintive, dove-like notes.

Unto it as a gentle stream
In pain or sorrow's wave,
Would plunge beneath its hope-lit gleam,
And there my spirit lave.

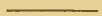
Then send the "Christian Annual"
 To soothe my spirit's tide,
 And store my heart with jewels
 More precious than a bride's.

Indeed, Bro. Challen, your "Annual" wins the heart, like a beautiful landscape, with its pleasant hills, its gentle slopes, extended lawns, fertilizing streams, rising here and there a cliff, towering in majesty, and crowned with evergreens. Long may you live to bless mankind, by awakening the mind and heart to the ever-beautiful, ever-living, ever-truthful! Yours, truly.



THERE IS EVER A SORROW.

Dedicated to Miss Mary B. Wickliffe.



There is ever a sorrow hangs over my heart,
 There is ever a cloud in my sky;
 There is ever a tear that is ready to start
 From this longing, wistful eye.

But there is ever a sun to light the cloud,
 And ever a hope in my sorrow,
 And ever a hand that is ready to wipe
 The tear that may fall on the morrow.

So these lights and these shadows that checker
 my path
 Are weaving a robe for the sky;
 And I, by the ply and garnish of faith,
 Shall be ready to wear by and by.

ESCULAPIA SPRINGS, KY.

Dedicated to Mrs. Wm. F. Jones.

Would you breathe the cool, fresh air
On a sultry Summer day,
Feast on choicest dainties rare?
Visit Esculapia.

Would you from the crowded city
Leave your cares and flee away,
Eschew sickness and mosquito?
Visit Esculapia.

Would you in the warm bath lave,
Or shower from the sulphur spray?
Each one here his choice may have.
Visit Esculapia.

Would you indulge in the romantic,
Roaming hills by night or day,
Or at eve be charmed with music?
Visit Esculapia.

Would you join the graceful dance,
Or make one in the merry play
(Win a sweetheart there perchance)?
Visit Esculapia.

Pleasant walks and cheerful rides,
 Shady swings and nine-pin play,
Nor shall want for aught besides.
 Visit Esculapia.

If your purpose not amusement,
 Thus to pass your time away,
Do you seek alone retirement?
 Visit Esculapia.

Here are grottoes, here are glens,
 Where the clearest brooklets stray,
Quite retired from haunts of men.
 Visit Esculapia.

Would you angle with a hook
 Where the silvery fishes play,
In some shady little nook?
 Visit Esculapia.

Would you join the chase for game,
 Rising at the dawn of day,
With a stroke the wild deer tame?
 Visit Esculapia.

Here 's a feast for geologics,
 Richest ore to softest clay,
Every species for botanics ;
 Visit Esculapia.

Would you drink the brightest waters
That e'er sought the light of day?
Come, ye languid sons and daughters,
Visit Esculapia.

Sparkling flow they in their pride,
(But enough alone to say,)
Health is borne upon their tide.
Visit Esculapia.

Then the *friends* we hope to greet,
Whom we could stay with for aye,
O, 't is pleasant thus to meet!
Visit Esculapia.

When we 've spent the week in pleasure,
And grown listless on Lord's-day,
Then we have a pleasant preacher.
Haste to Esculapia.

Here the Muse her graces lends,
When we seek her gentle sway;
Lo! to her our spirit bends.
We visit Esculapia.

"WHOM THE LORD LOVETH HE CHASTENETH."

Dedicated to Miss Marie Louise Smith, Lexington, Ky.

Leave me not without chastisement,
Lest I stray from thee, my Lord;
Let me feel thy hand upon me,
Listening to thy every word.

Through the fearful hours of anguish,
May thine angel strengthen me;
May thy grace be all sufficient,
Who didst feel Gethsemane.

When alone, and in the darkness,
Let me feel thy leading hand;
Though must buffet me with sharpness,
Make me walk in thy command.

Though it be that thou wilt slay me,
Trusting still I cling to Thee,
Till from out the fiery furnace
Thou wilt bring me pure and free.

UPON PRESENTING A BEAUTIFUL ROSE.

I send you a rose, not your "champagny" though,
Yet on its bright cheek is a radiant glow ;
Still not like the champagny, whose fragrance outsteals,
As true love from hearts that illy conceals ;
But there 's a beauty and joy, its bright leaves impart,
Like the free gushing warmth that springs from the
heart.

Yea, let me bring thee flowers,
Sweet flowers, to smile on the gloom ;
Spurn them not from thy saddened hours ;
E'en flowers will spring from the heart of the tomb.

"SIC TRANSIT MUNDANE."

First dawns the morn in rosy light,
Then haste the Summer hours of noon,
Then shed the evening flowers their bloom,
And, lo! 't is night!

TO MISS MARION POWER, OF MAYSVILLE, KY.

DEAR MARION,—Perhaps it is as well that I could not write in your album at that time.

So your calm, sweet face,
So full of dignity and grace,
Within my mind has held its place,
Nor would I, could there aught efface.

Now for the Album.

'Tis Autumn, and the falling leaf
Bears glory with it to the tomb.
How well it bore its part through Spring and Summer's
heat,

How well the cloud and storm did brave,
Its gorgeous glowing tints are trophies meet ;

Thus laden with its ripened, garnered wealth,
Whispered, "'Tis finished," with its latest breath,
And calmly nestled to the sleep of death.

How brief the space from Spring to Autumn's hour !

Yet doing with our might, *how vast the power !*

With thee 'tis Spring-time now ;

The sunshine warms to waken life's brief joy,

As well the cloud and storm their purpose each employ.

"But stay thy moral, let it here find end ;

And list the purpose of this heart, my friend ;

So saying, as my Spring recedes,

I'll fill my little space with kindly deeds ;

Doing and bearing, my life shall be the sum,

And bringing all to Jesus' feet,

I'll show him what I've done."

THE CHINESE SACRED LILY.

Inscribed to my dear "Sister Hess" (Mrs. J. D. Trapp).

A friend came with a bulb to give,
And teach me how to make it live.
"Water and pebbles within the vase
Would hold the lily in its place."
Deeming the pebbles sparse and bare,
I placed a tuft of cotton there.
O, how it grew and grew and grew!
The rootlets pierced the cotton through,
Until the pearly rounded mass
The lily's self could scarce surpass.
Ah! how fond fancy onward flew,
As day by day the lily grew,
That we in happy Christmas hour
Should see in bloom the sacred flower,
And breathe the fragrance on the air
That floated from its petals fair!
But oh! alas! how sad to note,
My lily's roots were all afloat.
For oh! the luring cotton pulp
Had not the strength to bear it up,
With all its early promise fair
Of fragrance rich and blossom rare,
'T was prone beneath the slightest shock,
Because it grappled not the rock.

(May we not here a lesson find?

We need an anchor thus to bind.)

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